

HERESY TAUGHT AT PRINCETON

"The Devil in Cap and Gown"
Title of Book Just Issued,
Attacking Bible Instructor

ACTION IS AT ONCE TAKEN

Removal of Dr. Miller is Asked For
on the Ground That He is Under-
mining the Faith of Princeton
Students—"Crime Dastardly," Says
Former Presbyterian Moderator.

NEW YORK.—Louis Hopkins Miller, who occupies the chair of Biblical instruction at Princeton University, is accused of heretical teachings in a pamphlet called "The Devil in Cap and Gown," just issued by the Rev. Dr. Ford C. Ottman. The pamphlet was widely circulated among the ministers attending the Protestant Church Assembly at Stony Brook, L. I., recently. Copies of it have been sent to all the members of the University Board of Trustees. The removal of Dr. Miller is asked on the ground that he is undermining the faith of the Princeton students.

It was the Rev. Dr. John F. Carson, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn who introduced the pamphlet at the Stony Brook assembly. Dr. Carson is a former moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. In commenting on the role Professor Miller is said to have played, Dr. Carson said:

"No crime more dastardly can be imagined that of a teacher in a Christian university undermining the faith of the boys and girls of our Christian homes. You do not send your boys to college to have their confidence in the Bible, their love for and faith in Jesus Christ shattered and destroyed by the quibbling of self-labelled scholarship."

Dr. Ottman's pamphlet quotes Dr. Miller as saying, in describing the birth of Christ:

"Our sources of information do not enable us to answer explicitly. It is not clear just when he was born, nor where, nor under what circumstances. It is certain that this significant event in the history of mankind occurred near the end of the reign of Herod the Great, somewhere in what we now call Palestine. If you should press me for my opinion regarding further details I would say that He was probably the son of Joseph and Mary and that he was born in Nazareth of Galilee. Concerning the days of His youth and young manhood we have no clear information. His visit to Jerusalem at the age of twelve (Luke II, 39-52) may not be historical, but it is certainly in keeping with any inferences that may fairly be drawn from His later development."

"Whatever else we may or may not believe regarding His conception or Himself, we are constrained to hold that He considered His life and teaching the consummation of Old Testament prophecy, and that He builded consciously on the basis of truth the prophets had already laid down."

"Regarding His early environment we know that he had four brothers and at least two sisters, and it is probable that He learned the trade of His father, who was a master builder of Nazareth. It is only fair to assume that these hereditary and environmental forces imparted form as well as content to Jesus' expanding thought, but they do not explain His exalted personality."

DROWNS IN TANK.

One-Armed Man Was in Middle of
Tank in New York Athletic Club.

NEW YORK.—Charles E. O'Brien, aged 29, of No. 35 East Seventeenth street, Brooklyn, a buyer for a clothing firm, is dead, having been drowned while swimming in the tank of the New York Athletic Club, at Sixth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. O'Brien, who had only one arm, was in the middle of the tank when he suddenly called for help and went down. Stephen Reid, of No. 318 East Fifty-seventh street, an instructor employed in the club, who was in the tank at the time, dived for O'Brien at once and brought him to the surface within a minute and a half after he sank, but he died shortly afterward.

Public Library to Be Advertised.
SEATTLE, Wash.—A new plan to advertise the work of the public library and call attention to the kinds and uses of books is being used by Librarian Judson T. Jennings.

He has prepared a lecture entitled "How the Library Touches the Individual," and has had 60 stereopticon slides prepared showing the different books adapted to use in various connections.

Kissed Girl for Wife and Is Arrested.
TOMPkins COVE, N. Y.—On his promise to behave himself Warren J. Meister is free after hugging Miss Caroline Birch, whom he pleaded he mistook for his wife, and getting arrested in Mount Riga. He said Miss Birch dressed and looked like his wife, Mabel, who had faked him for keeping late hours, and he was looking for her to ask her forgiveness.

BELGIANS SALVAGE GERMAN GUNS FROM SWAMPS AT TERMONDE



(c) Underwood & Underwood.

To check the progress of the Germans at Termonde the Belgians opened the dykes and flooded the section occupied by the Germans. In their hurry to leave the inundated country the kaiser's forces deserted many of their guns. The photo shows Belgians in the act of salvaging one of these guns from the swamps at Termonde.

A SONG OF THE CITY

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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Cecilia, coming out of the railroad station, ran headlong into Billy Van Dorn.

"Oh, Billy," she said, with her eyes dancing, "they are making straight for the country—all of them—and they are going to hunt the wildflower on its native heath, and transfix the birds with their opera glasses, and quote pastoral poetry; and I am going to stay in town all summer, with no one for company but Aunt Sue and Patty-cat!"

She stopped, breathless, but so radiant with joy and youth that Billy found himself smiling with her.

"Please explain," he demanded. "Who are headed for green fields, and why are you going to stay in town with your aunt?"

"I am staying in town to listen to the song of the city," Cecilia explained, "and the five teachers who do co-operative housekeeping with me in winter are on their way to wood nature."

"Look here!" Billy said solemnly. "Don't you think you ought to go too, Cissy? You've never spent a summer in town, and it's an awfully warm proposition."

"You always spend your summers here, don't you?"

"Yes, but that is different. Most men do."

They were out in the city street now, with all the tumult of traffic about them.

"Well, I just couldn't go with that bunch," Cecilia said elegantly. "I love nature, you know, Billy—the waves on the beach, and sunset over a stretch of prairie, and the wind in the forest, and all that; but I don't love little poky boarding houses, and mosquitoes, and running around in crowds to study birds. So I said I'd stay at home with Patty-cat and Aunt Sue."

"Well," Billy commented, "we will have some good times together, Cissy." A little pink flush came into Cecilia's cheeks. "I am not sure," she said, "that that Elizabeth would care to have you come here very often when she is out of town."

"Oh!" Billy's tone was blank. "I don't think she'd care, Cecilia."

"I shouldn't care," Cecilia emphasized, "if I were engaged to a man—I shouldn't care to have him going to places with another girl!"

"But you and I are such old friends," Billy protested.

Cecilia flashed a frank smile at him. "Indeed we are," she said heartily, "and we're always going to be that. But if we were seen much together people would talk—and we can't have that, Billy."

"Oh, hang people!" Billy said. "But we can't hang them," Cecilia told him cheerfully. "No, you can't come, Billy. I'm sorry, but I'm afraid it wouldn't do."

But Billy did come. "With Elizabeth's permission," was his announcement as he sauntered up the cool stone steps of the big apartment house, and found Cecilia in a low wicker chair on the balcony, with Patty-cat purring comfortably on the broad balustrade, and with Aunt Sue just inside the lace curtains, out of the night air.

"In Elizabeth's last letter," Billy proceeded to explain, as he dropped into another low chair opposite Cecilia, "she asked if there were any girls she knew in town. If there were, she told me to ask one of them to go with me to select a hat for her. A big hat with lots of pink roses—" "Oh, how lovely!" Cecilia said. "I have never had a pink rose hat, and it will be a joy to see how I look in one. I'll meet you in the morning, and we will go to the best shops."

"Elizabeth seems to be cutting a wild swath at the beach," Billy confided. "She doesn't seem to mind

going around with the other fellows, Cissy; so you shouldn't object to my coming here."

Cecilia's laugh rippled.

"It's different," she said evasively. "What do you think about Elizabeth's doing it, Billy?"

"Oh, I don't care," Billy admitted cheerfully. "If she has a good time. 'Live and let live' is my motto."

"I'm not sure that it would be my motto," Cecilia said. "I think I shouldn't care to be with any one but the man—I loved."

For a moment there was silence, and then Billy said slowly:

"No, I don't believe you would, Cissy."

The next morning, in the rooms of a fashionable milliner, Cecilia tried on hats, while Billy looked and admired. There was one broad beautiful leghorn, with roses heaped about the crown, which set atop of Cecilia's shining coiffure, was ravishing in effect.

Cecilia gazed at herself lovingly in the mirror. "Billy did you ever see me look so nice?" she demanded as the saleswoman left them for a moment.

"Never," Billy said with emphasis. "You are sweet enough to—"

He broke off abruptly as Cecilia's cheeks flamed red. She took off the rose hat and pinned in its place the brown sailor that matched the quiet suit.

"I hope Elizabeth will be pleased with it," she said rather stiffly, as they came out of the store. "Tell her to write and let me know whether she likes it."

"I'll come and tell you—" Billy began eagerly, but Cecilia interrupted him.

"No," she said. "No, I don't want you to come any more, Billy."

"Was it what I said in there?" Billy asked her. "Was it what I said about your being sweet enough to—"

Cecilia's head was held high. "It wasn't what you said," she italicized, as she hailed a car at the corner. "It was the way you said it, Billy."

For a week after that Cecilia sat on the little stone balcony with Patty-cat for company, for Aunt Sue indulged in after-dinner naps and was useless for purposes of conversation. And on the seventh day, having listened to the ceaseless song of the city, the far-away hum of traffic, the whirr of the wires overhead, the wail of whistles in the distance, she said to the emerald-eyed fellow:

"Patty-cat, in all the city nobody cares—"

Patty-cat arched her back under the caressing hand. Cecilia lifted her to her lap, and the little creature cuddled against her white gown. And presently something bright and shining fell on Patty-cat's dark fur and Cecilia whispered again, this time with a little sob:

"In all the big city nobody cares, Patty-cat!"

Down the street there was the sound of a quick step. Patty-cat raised her head and Cecilia peeped over the balustrade, and there, seen plainly in the white path of the electric lights, was Billy, carrying himself jauntily, and bearing in his strong right hand a bandbox.

"Again with Elizabeth's permission," he announced, as he set the bandbox carefully on the balustrade and shook hands with Cecilia.

"Didn't she like the hat?" Cecilia questioned anxiously.

"She did not like the hat," Billy responded.

"Why not?"

"There's a note in the box," Billy told her, "that will give her reasons." His hands trembled a little as he untied the string. He seemed strangely excited. "There!" he said, when at last the box was opened. "There's Elizabeth's note. Read it, Cissy, and tell me the answer."

"It's too dark to see out here," Cecilia said. "We will go in with Aunt Sue."

"We will not go in with Aunt Sue," Billy decided imperially. "I'll light a couple of matches, Cissy. It isn't long."

And, by the uncertain glare of the lights in Billy's nervous fingers Cissy read:

"Cecilia, darling: Billy brought the hat! It's a beauty, but I don't look well in it, and Billy says you are a dream when you have it on, so I am going to bequeath it to you. And I am going to bequeath something else—something that I value, but which I cannot wear with the grace that you can; and that something is—Billy."

"Cissy, dear, won't you make him happy and me happy? Our engagement was such a mistake, and we both found it out a long time ago. Indeed, we knew it when our families made the match; but, then, neither of us loved any one else. This summer I found—the only man—and I knew even before that that Billy had found the only girl; and when he told me how you looked in the rose hat I knew it was you."

"I am going to be married quietly on the 29th—and won't you come up and wear a white gown and the rose hat and be my bridesmaid? Billy will be best man."

"Always devotedly,
"ELIZABETH."

"And now," Billy demanded eagerly, as the last match went out, "will you wear the hat?"

"I—I must think it over."

"Why think?" Billy argued. "Why not accept both legacies on the spot?"

He lifted the hat carefully from the box. "Let me put it on you, Cissy," he pleaded, and with a little laugh she acquiesced.

And when he had crowned her with it his hands made a frame for her flushed face.

"And now," he petitioned, "may I finish that sentence?"

"What sentence?" she asked demurely.

"That you are sweet enough to—kiss!"

And as her happy eyes answered him he bent his head to her's.

In the Nature of a Hint.

Anderson owned a pool room, and late one night his German friend, Hans, found him nodding in his doorway.

"Why don't you go to bed?" asked the Dutchman.

"I can't," replied Anderson. "Two guys are back there playing pool."

"Why don't you break up their game and make them go home?"

"I've tried to, but I can't. I gave them two or three hints, but they took no notice of them."

Hans assumed an expression of determination.

"Leave it to me," he said. "I'll give 'em a hint."

In a few minutes he returned from the back of the pool room to where Anderson was sitting.

"It's all right," he said, much gratified. "They're going home."

"How did you fix it?" inquired Anderson.

"Oh," said Hans, with an air of indifference, "I gave 'em a hint."

"How?"

"I just took the balls off the table."

—The Popular Magazine.

PORCELAIN SUPPLANTS SILVER.

Silver Service Becoming Rare, Even On Tables of the Wealthy.

A distinguished Londoner who has just visited America notes the absence here of silver services on the tables, even of the wealthy, except on rare and formal occasions. Porcelain or china has become the fashion. The White House has six silver tea services, some of the exquisite flageolet design and others of the massive style of Colonial times. Yet Mrs. Taft used a pretty yellow service of a famous Japanese porcelain, on which golden dragons, dwarf trees and Oriental birds fly about in a pale amber sky. Her kettle was hammered brass, also from Japan, resting on a stool of teakwood. Cups, plates, all are of the same porcelain, and the only silver articles to be seen were spoons designed after the severest Elizabethan period. A yellow silk cover is used instead of the usual linen.

FOUND \$5,000,000

AT LAKE'S BOTTOM

Tall Stranger Just Had to Tell
Doctor About Deposit of
Petrified Fish.

New York.—A rather stout man whose expression inspired confidence was sitting on a sofa in the Breslin lobby, when he was approached by a tall, lanky, heavily-mustached person, who beamed upon him.

"You are a doctor, are you not?" asked the tall man.

"That is my profession," was the reply. "But if there is anything wrong with you you had better see the house physician. I don't live here, and it wouldn't be medical etiquette for me to prescribe for you."

"Oh, I am not sick," protested the other. "I just want somebody to take a drink with me."

The doctor looked him over and silently followed him into the bar. When the glasses had been placed before them the stranger said:

"I'll bet I am the happiest man in the world."

He was smiling, but as the doctor took a second glance at him he noticed that while he wore a very good suit of clothes, his shirt was soiled and his collar needed at least the turn that some visitors give that article to save laundry expenses.

"How so?" finally remarked the doctor.

"It's on account of that ichthyolite mine of mine in Texas," said the man who was treating.

"Ichthyolite? I have heard of that before," ventured the doctor.

"Sure you have," agreed the other. "It is the best remedy known for certain diseases."

"You know down in Texas there are a lot of dried-up lakes," he went on. "I have been prospecting for years down there. Well, in the bottom of one of these I have found a deposit of petrified fish, which is of more value than a pretty good-sized gold mine. I have had the State Geologist of Texas examine the deposit thoroughly, and he has reported that in the deposit there are 5,000,000 pounds of ichthyolite."

"Well, this confirmed my own previous opinion as to the value of the deposit. All I needed to make a fortune was to get a little capital, and that is why I came on to New York. I have taken a liking to you, and I may as well tell you that I have spent the greater part of the day with Andrew Carnegie. I had some difficulty seeing him, but when he heard of what I had the bars were let down at once and he became enthusiastic."

"After less than five minutes' talk he made me an offer of \$280,000 for a fourth interest in my mine. Say, that's some money, isn't it? The money will be used for getting out the ichthyolite and putting it on the market. But it is not going to be offered to the public—at least not all of it. Carnegie told me strictly on the quiet that he wanted the Steel Trust to have the first crack at it. He said it had lately been discovered that it was the best thing to paint iron with, and he said he could sell the Steel Trust all we wanted at a dollar a pound. A pint is a pound, so that means that the deposit as it stands is worth somewhere in the neighborhood of \$5,000,000. That means that Carnegie will get a million and a quarter for the \$280,000 he handed me, but I don't mind. It was worth the difference to have the talk with him and to have him go in as a partner."

"What did you do with the money?" asked the doctor, who was now beginning to feel a little anxious.

"I left it at my hotel uptown. Can't tell you the name of the hotel, because somebody might overhear."

"Let me buy this drink," suggested

the doctor.

"Couldn't think of it," protested the other grabbing the check the barkeeper threw down. "I'll bet you haven't got \$280,000; now, have you?"

Leaving his drink on the counter, the doctor made an excuse that he had to go to the telephone, and headed for the office desk.

"Say," he said to the clerk, "am I mistaken in thinking I read some time ago that Andrew Carnegie had gone to England?"

"Guess not," was the reply. "I read in the paper the other day that they had presented him with the freedom of some town or other over there—whatever that means."

The doctor nodded. Then he went back toward the door of the bar and cautiously peeped in. The man who had "seen Carnegie" yesterday morning and got \$280,000 out of him was busy with refreshments. Then the doctor hurried to the Twenty-ninth street door and walked away and did not come back until he had made sure over the telephone that the prosperous Texan had left.

Names From Musical Instruments.

A correspondent reports the finding of a decidedly curious name in one of the records of York during the reign of Elizabeth—Marmaduke Clarionett. It sounds like a character in a latter-day burlesque.

In present day directories names suggested by musical instruments, such as Bugler, Trumpeter and Hornblower are to be met with, but the York family of Clarionetts had no known representative in the England of today. Presumably Trumpet, the name of one of the most famous of the Australian cricketers, is a contraction from Trumpeter.

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